DAGON'S FALL,

OR THE

CHARM BROKE.

SO now things begin to come to some consistence, a man may without the help of Spectacles, see clearly who and who's together; Matters resolve by degrees into their own proper *Principles*: There was such a mad medley, such a monstrous confusion and jumble of things and names, *hodge-podge* together not long since, that 'twas impossible to know what was what. For a certain kind of odd *Gargon Language* was invented by a sort of Cunning Fellows (that studied the *Black Art*) half a dozen words whereof were of strange *mystick* signification, and would express as much in short as any thousand could in the *Oriental* Tongues. There was *Liberty, Property, Protestant Religion, Popery, Arbitrary Power, Fears, Jealousies, Grievances*, and some few words more, that answered all Questions that could possibly be propounded, resolved all doubts and difficulties, solved all Arguments and Objections in a trice: In a word, they prov'd any thing and signified every thing, and all things together; and yet at the very self-same time (*mirandum dictu*) they meant just nothing. As for example to the Question, Whether it be not the duty and interest of the Subject, to supply the King for the Safety and Honour of the Nation? The Answer was, *Grievances*. Again, Whether the King and Council's Wisdom, and the Law of the Land, be not more valuable than *Vox Populi*? The Answer was, *Fears and Jealousies*. And so, Whether it be prudently done to run headlong into present mischiefs for fear of future possibilities? The Answer is, *Popery, Slavery*. Whether 12 or more godly men may not unanimously agree upon the grand point of *Perjury salva fide*? The Answer is, the *Protestant Religion*. And a thousand such Questions as these are equally answered, without the trouble of affirmatives or negatives, by one or two of the former *Crambo-words*; as also all sorts of difficulties are fully resolved (and as unappeasably) as by *avris let*. But that which is the miraculous *mystical* Excellency of these *Hieroglyphick* words, they do not only severally answer several Questions, but any one of them answers all questions, doubts and scruples whatever; so that the first you hit upon is as good as any one, or all of them together. As thus, suppose it be asked, Whether it be not as free and lawful for a King to borrow money, if he can, as for any one of his meanest Subjects? Now, though indeed the usual answer to this is *Arbitrary Power*, yet you may go handy dandy, and take any one of the rest that comes first, and all's one. But farther, the force of these words is so great, that not only all Questions and Proposals are by virtue of them extricated and resolved, but all the several actions and passions, humors, interests, intrigues and designs of the Artists themselves, that use them, though otherwise they may seem never so odd and unaccountable, yet by the help of one of these magick terms are acquitted and cleared immediately of all guilt and imputation; and the most unjust and unreasonable Proceedings imaginable, being but lightly toucht with one of these words, shall receive such a fair and favourable gloss and tincture, as to be *metamorphosed* into the quite contrary, to what it really is. And thus 'tis easily made out, That the late King cut off his own Head; That imprisoning, killing and plundering, was to maintain the Right and Freedom of the People: That to borrow vast Sums, and repay them with Publick Faith *ad Græcas Calendas*, was strict Equity: That to rob and starve Widows and Orphans, was to do Justice and Judgment: That to commit Sacrilege, and demolish Churches, was for the Honour of God; and to ravage the whole Nation with Fire and Sword, was for the Safety, Peace and Settlement of the Kingdom. Nor do these words like those of other Languages grow old or obsolet; for they are as much now in fashion, as they were forty or fifty years agon; And even still by a certain charm that is in them, *Quidlibet fit ex quolibet*. Thus to give the King no Money, is the Honour and Safety of Himself and the Nation. And to let these Kingdoms lye in a naked and helpless Condition, without any other Strength or Defence, than that of the four Seas, is the best way to prevent *French* Monarchy and Incroachment: That to bind the Subjects in a stricter Tye of Allegiance, Duty and Affection to their Prince, is to perswade them that the King is not to be trusted: That to take away His Majesties *Guards* at a time when there is a horrid Plot against His Life, is for the Preservation of His Majesty's Person; That to do every thing with studied Industry against His Majesty's Will and Pleasure, is an undeniable Testimony of Loyalty and Obedience: That like malicious mercileſs *Jews*, to clear and release *Barabbas* by *Ignoramus*, and by saving him to hazard and expose the Life of their King, is to do like a true Loyal Protestant godly Tender Conscienc'd *Jury*. Nor are Propositions, Actions and Things only transelementated by these *Inchanting* words, but the very Persons and Properties of men, shall in very few daies space receive a monstrous *Metamorphosis*; insomuch that a Rogue and Villain upon Record, shall forthwith become an honest man, and credible to so great a degree, as to let great and good men's lives lye at the mercy of his naked Oath and Deposition: And on the contrary, men of consest Truth and Honesty shall, by having one or two of the forementioned words cast into the Scale with him, sink the Ballance to the

lowest

lowest and vilest degrees of *Subornation, Perjury and Villany*. But what is still more prodigious of such powerful force, is the magick Virtue of these words, that appearing lately up and down the City and Country in Printed Characters; and many harmless well-meaning People poring too long and often upon them, they became (as some of *Ulysses* men by *Circe*'s Cups) all of a sudden strangely *metamorphosed* into Asses, Wolves, Tygers, Foxes, and such like Beasts; so that, had not the King by his own hand lately remov'd the Evil of the Charm, by certain Printed Characters called a *Declaration*, or Counter-charm, they had in all likelihood continued so to this very moment.

Nay farther yet the very seasons of the Year lose their respective natural qualities by the *magical* force of these words, and transmute into each other, for (by vertue of them) the Dog-daies happened last year to be in *November* and *Decemb.* and the season then was accordingly hot and fiery in most parts of the Nation; but more especially in the City of *London* and *Westminster*, the heats were intolerable, insomuch, that the King was forced about the latter end of *December* to send above five or six hundred Persons of note from their abode at *Westminster*, into the Country, least such a warm concourse should have bred some *pestilensial infection*: and all this violent heat (they say) was occasioned only by muttering according to art two or three of the forementioned words, such as *Popery, Arbitrary Power and the like*. But there is one extraordinary advantage which these words have, *viz.* That any one of them is of itself alone, not only a whole *sentence*, but a whole *science* also, so that an ordinary *Tailor*, or *Tinker*, though otherwise never so rude, ignorant, and unlearned, if he get but these words readily by rot, he becomes Master immediately of the chief *liberal sciences*, and hath *Grammer, Logick and Rhetorick* enough to dispute a point of Divinity, State or Law, with the greatest Professours and Practitioners in the Nation; Ay, and confute them too; urge ehim never so hard, with a strong Argument for Prelatical Government in the Church, you are answered and confounded presently by the strength of one almighty word *Popery*, 'tis but pronouncing it *secundum artem*, and your business is done So in State-affairs, and point of Government, argue never so convincingly in the defence of *Monarchy*, and the divine and natural right of Kings, your confutation consists but in two words only, *viz. Arbitrary Power*. After which, you must e'ne desist with patience, and silence; for with these Persons, and in all disputes and contests of the like nature, any thing offered by way of rejoynder, is hist off the stage presently; or if you prove obstinate in your reasons, and arguments, 'tis ten to one if you do not dispute your self into the Clutches of one of their Officers, and so find your self at midnight in an *inchanted Castle*. In fine, this hath been the odd posture of our Affairs for some time past, and most strange *freaks, and pranks* have been played by the help of these few words, such monstrous confusion, and transfigurations have followed the force of these *spells*, that nothing hardly appeared in its true shape, or could be known distinctly; truth became falshood, and that again was made truth, honest men turned mere Rogues, and Villains true men all of a suddain, Heresie, Schism, and Treason, was evangelical Truth and Obedience, and loyalty, and so *Vice Versa*. Now the *Master Magicians* and inventers of these *spells*, (tho 'twas well enough known that they had made a contract with the Devil, and had neither Piety, Truth nor Loyalty at all in them, yet) they had so *daubed* and painted themselves all over with the glosse colours of *Protestant Religion*, here and there intermixt with *Magical Characters* of liberty, property and the like, that to such as were not very well acquainted with the impostre and *Legerdemain* of such kind of limning they were thought to be really what they appeared, and accordingly were admired, as Master pieces, and regular draughts of extraordinary nature; but to the more curious, and inquisitive, and to such as came a little nearer, and breathed upon them, all the fair Varnish which appeared at a distance so very charming, quite vanished, and instead of a true and regular picture (of Religion, or Loyalty) it all dwindled into mere rude rough *Landskip*: where the chief things that presented themselves to view were the old ruine of Kings Court, and great mens houses, with devastations of Churches and Towns, and the old carkasses of withered Trees (somewhat resembling that near *Paddington*) with a few portraits of Owls, Buzzards, Vultures, Wolves, Dogs, and such like. In fine the chief Strength of these charms is broke, the *magical* words are become of little or no force, all the *Brazen* heads that of late muttered dreadful *necromantick* sounds are silenced, or else (like that of *Fryar Bacon*) fallen down and broken to pieces, We hear no more frightful noises now from the *inchanted Castle* and *Elephant*, nor from the *burning Hendpiece* near *Temple-Bar*. Besides, one of the chief *Magicians* hath been a long time inclosed in an inchanted Castle, and neither by his own art, nor that of his Brethren, can he yet break the strong *spell* that confines him; for 'tis said that one condition of the *Inchantment* is, that he shall not be enlarged till such time as *five hundred flaming Circles* appear in his defence. But yet since these *Master-magicians* have been quelled, some little pedling retailers, have gathered together scraps and pieces of broken charms, and are still tampering to uphold the Mystery and Trade: But every body now is so well acquainted with such tricks, and so armed with forcible *Counterchurms*, that all the weak efforts of their Magical murmurs sound more like the faint eccho of a dying voice, than strong powerful *spells*: And 'tis thought that ere long, when these weak remains, and faint efforts of this *black-art* are compleatly laid, the *Magicians* lives (like those in Romance) will be of a date not much longer than their *Inchantments*.

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